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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1902. NUMBER 24

AN OLD PURPOSE STILL NEW.

A Collegiate School—Wherein Youth may be Instructed in the Arts & Sciences who through the blessing of Almighty God may be fitted for Public Employment both in Church and Civil State.

Yale University Charter, October 1701.

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TO MY UNITY FRIENDS:

The readers of UNITY during the years 1884-6 will remember how the "UNITY FUND" for the building of All Souls Church in Chicago grew from week to week, coming in sums large and small; from east and west, north and south, until nearly every state in the Union was represented. This fund made possible the dedication of All Souls Church in November, 1886, without debt. Whether that generosity has been justified by the work accomplished by, in and through this Church thus built it is for others to judge, but it is for me, on behalf of UNITY to gladly acknowledge that without this Church it would have been impossible to have kept UNITY a-going, for within its walls it has always found its home, and in these last years its exclusive publishing office.

Now this building, so large a portion of which belongs to UNITY by virtue of its co-operation, has become wholly inadequate to house the activities or to represent the ideals that have grown under its fostering care, and a new building is an imperative necessity. The story, plan and purpose of this new building were set forth in the sermon published in last week's issue of this paper. I ask its careful perusal.

I do not come either begging or claiming co-operation from any reader of UNITY, but if any of the old or new friends would like to lend a hand it will be appreciated,not only for the material help but for the spiritual fellowship implied. You will see the plan involves many enterprises, one of which will certainly be the publication interests represented by UNITY, and for which in due time we hope an adequate fund will be provided. But at the present time my desire is to complete the building in the same forehanded, without-debt method that our present building was realized. The new building, like the old, will aim to be more than a local centre. Judging from the past its lines will reach far beyond the city limits.

Any contributions coming through UNITY will be acknowledged from week to week in these columns, and accounted for as the "Unity Fund" on the books of the new venture.

Cordially yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Chicago, February 5, 1902.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1902. NUMBER 24

To Be or Not to Be.

To be or not to be
No question is for me.
I am
A man;
By God or fate decreed;
A soul with boundless need,
With cravings manifold,
With destiny untold.
To be, or not, divine;
To live, or not, a life sublime;
To hate and sneak and whine,
Bemoan the evil time;
Or love and toil and serve,
And from no duty swerve:
The questions, these, for me.
What may my answer be?

Leslie Willis Sprague.

Helena, Montana, January, 1902.

President Hyde of Bowdoin College has been saying some good things on education in the January *Forum*. Let this sentence serve as a suggestive sample and point to a painful defect in our educational system: "It is infinitely easier to get grammatical and philological results out of everybody than to impart literary appreciation and taste to anybody."

Thomas Jefferson, according to the recent book entitled "The True Thomas Jefferson," already noticed in the columns of our reviewers, made a New Testament for his own use with scissors and paste pot, reserving only such passages as seemed to him plain and indisputable. Of this book he writes: "A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen. It is a document in proof that I am a real Christian; that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus, very different from the Platonists, who call me an infidel and themselves Christians and preachers of the Gospel, while they draw all their characteristic dogmas from what its authors never said or saw."

"The Easiest Way to Get the Referendum." This is the title of a little leaflet published by the National Non-Partisan Federation for Majority Rule of Washington, D. C. It tells "What Winnetka Has Done." It shows how just now added legislation in small villages and country communities where there is no deliberate vicious element to contend with the non-partisan and non-sectarian wish of the community can be expressed in such a way that the law-making and law-executing forces will not dare violate this wish. Send for this leaflet, which can be obtained we suspect for a postage stamp. This organization, of which our friend George H. Shibley is chairman, publishes much other interesting matter looking towards the non-partisan administration of city, state and nation wherever partisanship interferes with public weal and progress.

In the distractions and the hurry that surround us we failed to take due notice of the passing of John Howard Bryant, whose death in the ninety-sixth year of his age occurred on the 5th ult. at his home in Princeton, Ill. Mr. Bryant was the brother of William Cullen Bryant and there are those who would confirm the opinion of his more famous brother that John was the stronger though not the more fertile poet of the two. His home through three generations had been a shrine to the cultivated and to the progressive in Illinois. Hither he came when a young man and the story of his citizenship is the story of the growth of the state. A fellow-in-arms with the Lovejoys, a companion and friend of Abraham Lincoln, a lover of free things in religion and high things in politics. He kept his mind young to the last and his departure leaves a vacancy, a place that cannot be filled, a memory that is helpful and refining.

The Evangelist presents an interesting Lincoln tablet on its first page, containing utterances of the great President. The selections are so admirable and characteristic of that great humanitarian that we reproduce some of the less familiar but great sentences:

Nothing is so local as not to be of some general benefit.

No men living are more to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, but part with him when he goes wrong.

Reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that drunkenness is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

In a storm at sea, no one on board can wish the ship to sink; and yet not infrequently all go down together, because too many will direct and no single mind can be allowed to control.

It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out there is nothing that really hurts anybody . . . and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people.

The Advocate of Peace for February calls attention to the troubles of a young French non-resistant, a young man who in America has imbibed Quaker principles. On his return to France he became subject to military duties, but his conscience forbade his carrying the rifle. A court martial sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, at the end of which time he was sent back to his regiment. But his religious convictions had not changed and he was again sentenced to two years, which was commuted to a service in the ambulance corps, and a little later the government discovered that being the only son of an aged mother his military liability was limited to one year in the first place. It may be a long road to the disarmament of the nations by means of the religious scruples of the individual citizen, but if no other road leads to that end this will, in the long run, undoubtedly reach the desired result.

Eventually the recruit will ask, "Whom am I going to kill?" and "What am I killing him for?" before he enlists, at least before he fires many times.

As it approaches the annual spring elections, the city of Chicago is profiting by that earnest little band of toilers known as the "Municipal Voters' League." Their preliminary proclamation to the voters is issued, in which by vigorous though courteous language they tell the unvarnished truth about the outgoing aldermen. It is encouraging to know from so authoritative a source that the year "has been free from council scandals. * * * The ranks of the 'gangsters' have dwindled to less than one-third of the council, and with all due allowance for hypocrites and weaklings who might swell the ranks under crucial temptations, the majority of the present aldermen are undoubtedly honest and reliable." After such an introduction the roll is gone through name by name and the record of the men characterized. Out of the retiring thirty-five aldermen, twelve receive the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" twelve others appear without blame and without much praise; the remainder appear with unequivocal condemnation.

There seems to be a quiet rumor passing among the "well informed" of a mysterious subway that is being constructed through the middle of the streets in the business part of Chicago, twenty-five feet below the surface. A brilliantly illuminated tunnel, eight or nine feet in diameter is already constructed for several blocks, and several hundred men, divided into three shifts, are at work continuously. The excavations are being removed during the night when all the city is asleep. A few of the initiated business men have been permitted to go below and see this great freight tramway that is to be such a boon to the congested districts. These fairy halls of commerce, as we are told, are being constructed under a certain blind "telephone ordinance" that seemed so harmless that it was granted without debate by the council. Some day Chicago will awake to the fact that again private capital has secured great vested rights on public domain and there will be the painful agitation and municipal perplexities concerning the ownership of the street *underground* as there now is concerning the ownership of the street *above ground*. Economically and industrially this subway will doubtless prove a brilliant venture, a great scientific triumph, a boon to all concerned, but sociologically it will prove, when it is too late, that it is another "steal" from the people on the part of the few far seeing private citizens who have capital to invest in a novel undertaking. If Chicago is wise it will raise the cry before it is too late. The cry should be "Stop, thief!" "Stop, thief!" The streets belong to the people all the way down and in any use of them the rights of the people should be respected. Who owns the streets of Chicago; and who has the right to give them away? Who has given away the people's property, twenty-five feet underground and what was the consideration received therefor?

UNITY watches with interest the work of certain brave women who are investigating the problem of child labor in the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois. The first shocking disclosure of this committee is the confident statement that child labor is on the increase. In cigar factories they have found children at work in basement and back rooms under conditions which exclude fresh air (which would dry the leaf too fast), the air poisoned by the dust and fumes of the weed which ripen the child for speedy death from pulmonary diseases. The factory inspector reports one hundred and twenty-two children working in these cigar factories in Chicago contrary to law. The committee says that by a conservative estimate one-fifth of the employees in the candy and box factories of Chicago are children, one-third of which at least were working under false affidavits, for they were under fourteen years of age. They report rows of little girls standing in front of machines from 7 a. m. to 5:40 p. m., with half-hour noonings, getting seven cents per thousand for folding and glueing boxes. In all these factories children work at least ten hours per day and sometimes more. The labor is close and confining. In the cutlery factory, though the machinery has been improved within the last few years, there were found many employees who were evidently under fourteen. The factory inspector's report contains the following: "Child labor laws aim at two things: prohibition of employment of children under fourteen, and the protection of children employed above that age." The first aim has been only partially successful, the second a total failure. There can be no excuse for this continuous drain on the nervous vitality of children except the cupidity engendered by the severest competition. And it is useless to expect to find relief through legislation until there is a moral sentiment sufficiently active to make it a disgrace to the capitalist who persists in coining money out of the nerves of little boys and girls. Such employers can evade the officers of the law, but they cannot escape the condemnation of their neighbors and the social disgrace that ought to be visited upon them. Let the candy seasoned with the blood of little children nauseate the eaters thereof. The cry should not be "Police! Police!" but "Shame! Shame!"

Abraham Lincoln in Song and Story.

If the lyre is the measure of human fame, Abraham Lincoln has already outrun all his American compatriots, and certainly all his English speaking contemporaries. No man of action in American or English history has gathered around his name within the lifetime of his contemporaries so large a volume of poetry.

From Wellington to Gladstone, from Washington to Lincoln, there is no name that has aroused the poets as the name of the humble Illinois boatman, land surveyor, country lawyer and great emancipator. If there are rivals of Lincoln in this direction they are found among the great emancipators and inspired leaders of democracy in Europe—Kossuth, Garibaldi or Mazzini.

In the study of Abraham Lincoln in Song and Story it is first interesting to note that he, the inspirer of poets, was himself a lover of poetry, and under other circumstances he might himself have added to his terse sentences, vivid pictures, strong aphorisms and striking epithets the element of rhythm which would have made him a great poet. His was the power of tremendous condensation, of a clear grasp of thought, of penetrating insight and of a sympathetic heart. These are the qualities necessary to make a great poet, but his early life was too meager in privileges and his later life too much burdened with care and responsibilities to have developed the latent poet that always lies slumbering in the prophet.

Not only in song but in story is the power of Lincoln made manifest and his shadow prolonged. Within the last year at least three books of story have been offered us in which Lincoln is the central figure, two of them creditable productions of the Chicago press. Carrie Douglass Wright has delicately told the story of Lincoln's first love. So full of tenderness is the mere outline of the verified story that there is little need of the creative touch of the novelist. With a bolder hand, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, in her "Spanish Peggy: A Story of Young Illinois," has created a setting to the young woodchopper, the wrestler, the student and lover of New Salem. And lastly, Winston Churchill, in what is probably our strongest story of last year, "The Crisis," has with masterly hand told the story of the impending crisis, the great Lincoln-Douglass debate, the uprising, the saving of St. Louis and Missouri to the Union and the campaignings from Vicksburg to Petersburg. Rising above all this stands the gaunt, homely figure of Abraham Lincoln; circling around him are the confidences of the strong, the inspirations of the young, and the amelioration of the bitter elements in the story.

We may not analyze the Lincoln in this story, but we will say with Virginia, the sweet girl rebel, "Oh, how sad he looked!" and with Stephen, "When I saw him I knew how little and narrow I was."

Let us quote from the book and listen with Stephen to the wise and prophetic words of dear old Judge Whipple:

"Stephen, listen carefully to what I have to say, for I have thought over it long. In the days gone by our fathers worked for the good of the people and they had no thought of gain. A time is coming when we shall need that blood and that bone in this republic. Wealth not yet dreamed of will flow out of this land and the waters of it will rot all save the pure and corrupt, all save the incorruptible. Half-tried men will go down before that flood. You and those like you will remember how your fathers governed—strongly, sternly, justly. It was so that they governed themselves. Be vigilant. Serve your city, serve your state, but above all serve your country. . . . I sent you to see Abraham Lincoln—that you might be born again—in the West. You were born again. I saw it when you came back. I saw it in your face. God! would that his hands—Abraham Lincoln's hands—might be laid upon all who complain and cavil and criticise and think of the little things in life! Would that his spirit might possess their spirit! . . . Good-by, Stephen. Hold the image of Abraham Lincoln in front of you. Never forget him."

Verestchagin.

III.

In eleven pictures—"Scenes in the Philippine War"—Verestchagin has preached a sermon in color for the American people. Everyone will pause before the short poem in pictures "The Unfinished Letter." This series will probably be the best remembered in Chicago. We heard one enamored of art pronounce it "literature, not art," with rather a disdainful accent. But we cannot see how such a striking canvas as "You Are Hit, Sergeant? Yes, sir," falls short of powerful art by all the tests that we know anything about. There is dignity, there is pathos, there is courage, there is grace, poise, dextrous color, fine drawing, but, more than all, there is reality, there is truth. You have studied the sequel to this picture, "In the Hospital," "The Letter," "Dear, Beloved Mother," "The Interruption," "The Unfinished Letter" and the picture that interests us most—the unpainted picture promised in the footnote, which says: "There will be a sixth picture to complete this series." We found ourselves wondering what that sixth picture will be. Will it be the stricken monther in the American home with the telegram in the hand that had ached so long for the letter that was never finished? Or will it be the flag-draped casket, after its long voyage over water and across mountains and plains, now bearing its laurel, while a "patriot" lauds the "patriotism" that gave its life for its country's honor?

But all this is too painful. We pass on to the ameliorating bits of landscape, the "sketches" of field and mountain, of architecture of storm and shade, of summer and winter in Russia and in Manila, until at last we come to the photographs that remind us of those earlier pictures that stirred us twelve years ago, "To all great conquerors, past, present and future," a grim pyramid of human skulls, such as Tamerlaine used to actually erect on his battlefields, the true apotheosis of war. Here are the three pictures he calls "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," viz.: "Blowing from the Guns in India," "Hung in Russia," "Crucified by the Romans," that gave the true logic of war, the argument of the sword, the syllogism of the bullet.

We pass on until we reach these pictures that must not be overlooked would we understand the scope of Verestchagin's art, the reach of his philosophy, the creative insight of his genius. How these photographs help us to recall the sunny skies of Palestine, the blue waters of Tiberias, the auburn-haired Jew, the son of Mary and Joseph in the pictures of twelve years ago. We see the open court around which the simple family life was organized; Joseph with a younger son at the work-bench; mother Mary with the babe at her breast, two small children clinging to her skirts, two others disporting themselves as children always will with the shavings in a carpenter's shop. In the arch is stretched a line upon which hangs the family washing. Chickens and other signs of domesticity are around. In this group of seven

children the eldest sits apart in familiar preoccupation, no hermit, but a student, and not disturbed by the cry of child or disconcerted by familiar intimacies, ready, doubtless, to read to the alert mother a paragraph or consult with the proud father over a knotty text, and if need be to mind the baby. Later we see him as he sits between the low hills of the Jordan wilderness, engaged in conversation with the weird and hairy John the Baptist. And again we see him "treading the wine-press alone," in the solitudes of the wilderness, wrestling with his spirit, haunted with sublime ideals, struggling with problems that ultimately settle into visions, ripen into prophecy. Once more we see the figure sitting lonely upon the banks of that northern lake, looking across the blue waters to Bethsaida, Chorazin and neighboring hamlets, realizing their visionless condition, seeing their present woe and their future downfall.

We love these Palestine pictures, not because they satisfy (nothing satisfies but the absolute facts, and these are beyond our reach); but because they are Jesus studied from a neglected and to most people an entirely new angle of vision. It is wholesome to think of the Nazarene in whose beatitudes we find shelter, to whose parables we fly as to a refuge, upon whose words we climb in prayer, whose life, shadowed and uncertain as it is in detail, drives us to that which is excellent, as having lived his life out in these simple surroundings. It is good to think of him, not walking the hills of Palestine with lordly mien or princely bearing, as the elder artists would have us believe, but rather as going up and down the meager settlements of Gallilee, as Socrates threaded the streets of Athens, marked to his contemporaries with idiosyncracies rather than dignities. His neighbors saw in him no promise of halos or thrones. This artist has put Jesus into the family, subjected him to the claims of brothers and sisters, sharing the perplexities of father and mother. And again, we like these pictures because the artist has put him back into nature, the nature he loved. He has put him beside the blue waters, under the great skies. It is easier to understand a Jesus thus conceived than the one that has been painted in a studio with its artificial properties.

But these pictures of Jesus are related to the main theme and the primal contention of our artist. How the fighting Christians of our boasted civilization deride their professed leader! What is to bring about the era of liberty, equality and fraternity that he prophesied? If we may venture to interpret our artist through his pictures, we hail him as a prophet of the better way, a preacher of the righteousness that must obtain. This better time will not come until the army refuses to shoot at its own kind, when the emptiness and artificiality of the church as it now exists will be recognized as emptiness and as artificiality, when religion will join hands with morals and demand that art shall make common cause with science and literature in the interests of peace, the freedom of intelligence, the nobility of character as opposed to and independent of the nobility of wealth or birth.

Shakespeare.

Gentle and good and brave and kind,
A man of men in thee we find;
A soul who sought to lift above—
By tragedy and scenes of love;
Who took the impress of all age,
To show its spirit on the stage;
Who gave us revelation keen,
Of all that history has seen;
Who fills us with the worship high,
To reach thy rich reality:
A king thou art with kings to be,
Born of the soul's nobility;
A friend to all the human race,
Because of such imperial grace!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Correspondence.

WHO OWNS THE COAL?

EDITORS OF UNITY: Anent your recent editorials concerning the "Coal Famine," the following abstract of a statement made by a man whose pecuniary interests would prompt him to withhold such information may here be given as of more value than "statistics."

This man's ancestors were "Pennsylvania Dutch" who settled upon what is now valuable coal land. In answer to an inquiry as to how much longer the coal supply would last, he replied: "The supply is practically inexhaustible. Newspaper articles to the contrary are nonsense. My land (comprising 200 or 300 acres, if I remember correctly) will not be exhausted at the present rate of operating for 200 years, and the supply of the entire region will last for at least 400 years. This is not guesswork, but is determined by tests made with a drill which brings up a section of the earth from as far down as one wishes to bore. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of virgin land, rich in coal deposits, which have never been touched."

And confidentially he added: "That's where the profits go—paying interest and royalties for these *unused* lands." This man, who is a resident of Chicago, has no hand in the work of mining the coal, in transporting it, nor in finding a market for it; but, for doing nothing, he receives a handsome income as *owner* of that which was given to us all. In other words, he leases his land to one of the large coal companies.

Monopoly has already received some attention. By fair means and foul a few men have secured practically all of the anthracite coal lands of America.

For those who pin their faith to figures it may be said (although it is not expedient to furnish the proof) that according to the claims of the coal companies themselves they realize about one dollar per ton after deducting all expenses (which are stuffed with fictitious charges and interest on rented lands) and freight (which goes into the other pocket of the combination). This freight on Chicago coal amounts to $3.12 per ton and is divided equally between the coal company's railroad, which carries the product from the mines to Buffalo, and the western road which brings it on to Chicago. This latter road, however, is held up in turn by the coal company and compelled to disgorge part of these earnings in the shape of rebates.

ANTHRACITE.

For I see long distant ages
When these mammon days are done,
Stretching forward like a vision,
Onward to the setting sun.

William Morton Payne, the ever fertile and tireless literary critic of the *Dial*, has done his work so well that the McClurg House of Chicago are to reprint this spring in two volumes these *Dial* contributions, one to be entitled "Editorial Echoes" the other "Little Leaders." It is a high task to make current editorials good enough to deserve a prominent place in covers. These books will be alike complimentary to the writer, the *Dial* and the house that publishes them.

THE PULPIT.

Force vs. Freedom and Love in Religious Propaganda.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION, BUFFALO, JUNE 30, 1901.

By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Toronto, Can.

Religious liberty is closely related to political. Political and religious tyranny are also closely related. Nowhere is this found to be more true than in connection with the history of missions and religious propagandism. You will pardon me, therefore, if I begin my paper by making a suggestion which in its nature is partly political. But, though political, it will throw some indirect light upon the more distinctly religious matter which will follow and form the main theme of my discussion. The suggestion which I offer, and to which I shall not return when once I have made my meaning clear, is this:

It seems to me there is no greater need in the world to-day than for the creation of two international organizations—one political in character and the other religious, one to protect the smaller and weaker nations of the world against the unscrupulous greed and lust for conquest of the great Christian Powers, and the other to give moral protection to those religions of the world which do not have military forces behind them.

Seemingly never in the past were small nations in so great danger as now. Seemingly never before was the struggle of small peoples for independence and liberty so hopeless. Each one of the great Christian nations seems to stand couchant, like a hungry tiger, ready to spring upon any weak people in any part of the world against which it can discover or invent a pretext.

At one time the menace to the liberty of the world was the sword of Islam. At other times it was such great Mongol conquerors as Genghio Khan and Tamerlane. Those times have passed. Now the danger to the world's liberties is from the great Christian Powers of Europe and America.

We have sometimes fondly dreamed that world liberty had a champion always to be relied upon in England. Certainly England has done much for liberty in the past. She has guarded the rights of her own people in many noble ways; she has often been a refuge for men fleeing from oppression; and more than once she has made her influence felt in support of the liberties of foreign peoples. And so we fain would have trusted her as in some sense the guardian of freedom in the world. But alas! there is another side from which it is impossible to turn our eyes. With the increase of the imperialistic spirit in England her love of liberty and her regard for human rights seem to grow less. There are deep stains upon her hands. There are deeds upon her records, especially the records of her dealings with weak and unbefriended peoples, which seem too black to be associated with English history. Witness the three wars waged by her last century to force opium upon China. Witness the China of the past year, with not only England, but half a dozen other leading Christian nations, like a pack of wolves at her throat. Witness poor Ireland, with her population reduced by more than 3,700,000, or nearly half the total population of the island, within sixty years, because of British tyranny.* Witness India, conquered by the sword, and her splendid people, of the same Aryan race with Plato and Goethe and Shakespeare, held down by the sword in a despotism as complete if not as cruel as exists anywhere on the earth—a despotism so complete that all the intelligence and genius and moral character of the Indian peoples are not allowed to weigh as much in the government of their own land as the ballot of a single blacksmith or shoemaker in England, 7,000 miles away. Witness the Soudan, with her heroic people slaughtered by the ten thousand because they desired to preserve their own liberty and work out their own destiny. Witness South Africa, where British hands are wet with the blood of two newly killed republics.

Until three years ago we believed that if even England failed, world-liberty had still one friend that could never fail. It was the great Republic of the West. It was the great nation cradled in liberty, baptized by Washington, that fought the greatest war of modern times to free her slaves; the nation at whose sunrise gate stands the splendid symbolic statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." She was the hope and inspiration of the oppressed in all the earth. Wherever, beneath any sky, there was a people struggling for freedom, hope and courage were kindled in them by their certainty that they had the sympathy of the great Republic of America. But alas! what have three short years brought? Verily the sun is darkened, the stars have fallen from heaven, the moon is turned to blood. A neighboring people, struggling for liberty, appealed to her for help. Nobly she went to their relief, promising them freedom and independence. Then came her temptation and fall. Suddenly the devil of national greed and lust for power took her up onto a high mountain and showed her certain kingdoms of the islands of the sea and the glory of them, and said unto her, "All these shall be yours if you will fall down and worship me." She straightway fell down and worshiped him, forgetting her past, trampling under foot the principles which had been her pride and which had made her great, giving glee to every tyrant in the world, and carrying dismay to the hearts of lovers of liberty everywhere. To the people to whom in the most solemn way she had promised freedom and independence she tardily gave a measure of freedom, but she kept back from them independence, thus breaking her plighted faith. To an island a little farther away she refused even the protection of constitutional government. Blackest deed of all, she reached the mailed hand of military power across the Pacific to a people who were struggling for independence, as her own forefathers had done, and who trusted her as their friend and helper, and smote them hip and thigh, burning their homes, until hundreds of their towns and villages were in ashes and scores of thousands of their men, women and children had perished. Thus she crushed a republic just coming to birth; thus she quenched a star of liberty and hope rising for venerable but downtrodden and oppressed Asia; thus in three short years she who had been the mother of republics became the destroyer of republics.

With such an outlook for liberty in the world as all this, is there any other movement so important as the organization of a world-wide association for the promotion of freedom, for the cultivation of international ethics and the sense of justice between nation and nation, and especially for the protection of the weaker peoples from the rapacity of the strong?

But political oppression goes hand in hand with spiritual. Political imperialism and religious imperialism are one. The same spirit that tramples down the political rights of the weak tramples down also their religious rights. Hence the need of the second organizatioon which I have suggested, namely, an association, ethical and religious in its character and world-wide in its reach, which shall have for its object to protect the weaker religions of the world from having their rights disregarded and trampled upon by the strong religions.

The two great religions which have most frequently violated their ethical relations toward other faiths in

the past are Mohammedanism and Christianity. As illustrating this in connection with Mohammedanism in recent times I need only point to Turkey, and especially to Armenia. As illustrating the same spirit in connection with Christianity, I may point to Russia's oppressive and cruel treatment of the Doukhobors, to the persecution of the Jews in Russia and other Christian lands, to recent events in China in which the religious as well as the political rights of the Chinese people have been so shamefully disregarded, to the widespread approval of the war in the Philippines by American Christians, on the ground, as one distinguished preacher expressed it, that "every shot fired opened the way for a Bible," and generally to that spirit so widely prevalent in our own and other Christian lands which urges that Christian missions should have a civil and in the last resort a military arm behind them, and that the conquest and rule of non-Christian by Christian peoples is a good thing because thus the cause of Christianity is advanced and strengthened in the world.

So much, then, regarding the suggestions which I have ventured to make as to organizations. I pass now to the main subject of my paper.

One of the startling phenomena of our time is the recrudescence of force. In the political world, in the commercial world and in the moral world force seems to be coming more and more to be the popular god. We had hoped that Christendom was surely, even if slowly, outgrowing the old barbarian doctrine that might makes right. But of late, perhaps we may say since Bismarck and his famous policy of "blood and iron," there has been a widespread revival of the doctrine. This is anything but encouraging for those who desire the progress of the world. It is an arrest of development, we trust only temporarily, but certainly for the time being it is an arrest of development.

There was a time when the highest right known in the world was might. That was the age of the brute, before man arrived on the scene. In the age of man right, justice and love are the supreme arbiters. To these every form of physical force must bow; if not man becomes no longer man.

The ethical in man had its birth in the family, and at first extended little if any beyond the family. Only to parents, children, brothers and sisters and near blood relations did man acknowledge moral obligations. By degrees the area of moral relations—of recognized rights and duties—outgrew the family and widened until it took in the clan, the tribe and at last the nation; or, moving in a different direction, it widened until it took in all the adherents of the same religious faith. This is about as far as it has extended anywhere in the world at the present time. Shall it stop here? Shall we be content permanently to limit our ethics—our sense of duty and obligation—to our own nation, or to the adherents of our own faith?

To ask the question is to answer it for thoughtful men. If civilization is to advance national ethics must widen into international ethics and Christian ethics into world ethics. We must learn to be as unwilling to injure other nations as our own and other religions as our own. Certainly this is what the gospel of love and human brotherhood which Jesus taught means, if it means anything. The Golden Rule must be carried into international relations. Strong nations must become the protectors of the weak, not their destroyers. So, too, the Golden Rule must be carried into inter-religious relations. No religion must impose upon another religion. All must scrupulously respect the rights of all. Christianity may carry, ought to carry, to other religions any light which it believes itself to possess. But it must do this in love, everywhere respecting the rights of non-Christian peoples as much as if they were Christians, and remembering that coercion of conscience, wherever practiced, is a crime against God because a violation of the integrity of the human soul. As Christians we must countenance no methods of propagandism of our faith in China or India or the Philippines or in any other land that we would not justify if employed by Chinese or Buddhists or Mohammedans or Hindus in propagating their faiths among us.

There is a strong tendency to defend the aggression, both political and religious, of Anglo-Saxon peoples, on the ground that as a race we are superior to other races, and that our religion is superior to other religions. But is there any race or religion that does not think itself superior to others? Is, then, every religion and every race justified in trying to subjugate or prey upon the rest? What is the mark of superiority? Is it physical force? Is it intellectual power unguided by moral considerations? Does humanity reach its high water mark in the Maxim gun and the warship? Or in the schoolhouse and the church, in the Golden Rule and in "blessed are the peacemakers"? Jesus said, "He that would be great among you, let him be your minister." Does this apply to individuals but not to nations? What is the truly great nation? Is it that which subjugates as many weaker peoples as it can and makes them tributary to its own greed for wealth? Or is it the nation that leads the world in liberty, in enlightenment and in justice?

In studying the Gospel of Force and Greed, which is so popular in our time, especially among Anglo-Saxons, it is interesting to notice how exceedingly unselfish and even pious it is. It talks with almost tearful unction about the "white man's burden." It can hardly think of that heavy burden, which its sense of duty compels it to take up, without saying, "Let us pray." But we soon find out that the kind of pray that it has in mind Webster spells "p-r-e-y." Everywhere this gospel of might-makes-right is full of proclamations of good will and benevolent intentions. It never takes away the liberty of a people or forces its rule upon them except for their benefit.

In the old days of slavery masters always kept their slaves in bondage for the slaves' good. The Roman Catholic inquisitors in Spain always tortured heretics for the heretics' good. All great conquerors, from Nebuchadnezzar to Napoleon, have invariably carried on their conquests for the good of the peoples whom they have reduced to subjugation. In the same way the Anglo-Saxon always subjugates weaker peoples for their good. In the language of Mr. Dooley, he says, "I'll threat ye th' way a father shud threat his childher if I have to break ivery bone in yer bodies. So come to me ar-rms, he says."

In his unselfish and noble aggressions upon the rights of weaker peoples, perhaps the Anglo-Saxon generally makes the *benevolence* of his motives sufficiently plain; but possibly the distinctly *Christian* character of what he does might be made a little more clear. One way that we think of, and might suggest, would be to adopt a series of Christian mottoes for his armies and navies. For example, he might put in conspicuous letters upon his warships such words as *"God is Love."* Or, if thought best, he might place upon each one a longer inscription, like the following: *"This Mighty Engine for the Destruction of Human Life Is the Pride of a Christian People. The Master of All Christians Is Christ, Who Taught, Love Your Enemies."* Perhaps a good inscription to place on his bayonets would be, *"In the Name of Christ."* On his cannonballs and dynamite bombs he might put the impressive words of Jesus, *"Inasmuch as Ye Have Done it Unto One of the Least of These, My Brethren, Ye Have Done it Unto Me."* A heathen who had had his house blown up and his wife and children killed might find a fragment of the shell containing these words and thus have the joy of learning what Christianity is.

To be serious. The desirable thing regarding the different races of the world is not that all should be crushed out except one, and that only one should survive, even if that one be the Anglo-Saxon, but that all races should continue and develop according to their different aptitudes, characteristics and lines of genius, thus giving us, not a world of human beings all cast in one mold, but a rich, varied and many-sided humanity. In precisely the same way the desirable thing regarding the different religions of the world is not narrowing down, is not destruction, is not the loss of any of those various forms of spiritual genius, some of them very splendid, which have manifested themselves in connection with the great religions of the world outside of Christianity. That would be spiritual waste; that would be spiritual impoverishment of mankind. The desirable thing is the exact opposite. It is the preservation and the still further development of all the religious genius of the world. Let Christianity grow and develop in its own way, leaving behind the ignorances, spiritual tyrannies, lifeless forms, irrational dogmas, unethical views of God and man and life and destiny—inheritances from a darker past—which still cling to and degrade it. It will take a thousand years yet for Christianity to reach its ideals. Indeed, one sometimes wonders whether at the present rate of progress if it will not take a thousand years for the average Christianity of the world even to come within sight of the Sermon on the Mount and the real religion of light and liberty, of love and peace, which the great founder of Christianity taught.

But let Christianity press on. And let other religions press on. Let all rise from their lower to their better selves. Let each develop according to its own genius, and according to the needs of the race or the people to whom God has given it. Above everything else, let all cultivate the spirit of charity and peace. Let them not be foes trying to destroy, but sisters, each inspired with a spirit of noble rivalry in endeavoring to outdo the rest in unselfish service to the world.

Recent events in China have given the cause of Christianity in that great land a setback from which it will not recover in a century. Who are these great Powers that a year ago were acting like brigands, burning and looting cities, and that ended their horrible business by demanding pledges from China of the most humiliating character, and a vast indemnity which she can pay only with the greatest hardship? Why, these are the leading Christian governments of the world.

Is it, then, anything strange that the Chinese people should associate Christianity with these Christian Powers and these Christian armies and their shocking deeds? We may say, the Chinese people ought to distinguish between the missionaries who represent Christianity and the soldiers and diplomats who represent governments. But such a distinction in the nature of the case is impossible. So long as the diplomat negotiates concerning the missionary, and the governments demand pay for losses sustained by the missionary, and the soldier stands behind the missionary, the cause is all one; no distinctions can be made that will have any effect on the Chinese mind; the unjust demands of Christian governments and the outrages of Christian armies must operate to produce a prejudice of the deepest and most enduring possible kind against Christianity itself.

It is plain that the uprising against the missionaries was caused by the suspicion of the Chinese people that Christian missionary operations had at bottom some political significance. The Chinese are a peaceful, a humane and a kindly race. They are singularly tolerant of other religions. But they love their country and do not want it torn to pieces and subjugated by aliens. They love their own religion and do not want it treated with contempt. Looking to their near neighbor—India—they have seen that great historic land subjugated and stolen by a Christian Power. Looking abroad over Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea, they have seen that for a century wherever an opportunity has presented itself some Christian nation has been waiting to seize upon territory. And what has been the process by which the territory has been gotten hold of? I will answer in the words of Lord Salisbury, the British Premier. In nearly every case, he says, the process has been the coming "first of the missionary, then of the consul, then of the general." With this kind of thing going on around them and under their eyes for a hundred years, is it any wonder that the Chinese people have become suspicious and afraid of missionaries? To quote Lord Salisbury again, is it any wonder that "the Chinese have got the idea that missionary work is a mere instrument of secular government, in order to achieve objects which governments have in view?"

All this helps us to see the wisdom and timeliness of Sir Robert Hart's suggestion, that the treaties between the Christian Powers and China ought to be overhauled, and that the clauses in those treaties relating to missions and missionaries ought to be reworded "so as to make it plain to all that loyal recognition of Chinese law, scrupulous adherence to essentials, unvarying abstention from intervention in official business and avoidance of action calculated to give offense, are expected from missionaries and converts as a duty to the state which tolerates propagandism within its borders, and in the interest of local quiet and friendly international relations."

Is it said that missionaries must have civil and military protection, else their work would become so dangerous that nobody would consent to carry it on? In reply, since when have missionaries become cowards? Did Jesus ask the protection of soldiers? Did St. Paul shrink from missionary work because it cost him bonds, imprisonment, stripes and death? Did Livingstone ask for the protection of civil or military power? Buddhist missionaries carried their faith all over Asia with no sword. Where Christian missionaries cannot go without soldiers to stand behind their backs they should not go at all. Their only legitimate protection is the love they bear in their hearts toward the peoples they would serve. But, as a fact, love is the most powerful of all known protectors; the sword is feeble beside it. Yes, and love is the most effective of all known agencies to open doors of opportunity for missionary labor. Depend upon the sword and you *must* depend upon the sword. Discard the sword and begin to trust love, and the sword becomes as unnecessary as the stone knife of the cave dweller.

Said Roger Williams: "The armies of truth must have no sword, helmet, breastplate, shield or horse, but what is spiritual and of a heavenly nature." Let missionaries go forth for a hundred years in that spirit, and there will be no more uprisings against them like the one which we have so lately had occasion to deplore in China. The world will learn to trust and welcome them, not to fear them; to love them, not to hate; yes, and to love and welcome the religion of love which they teach.

Perhaps I can speak more intelligently concerning missionary work in India than in any other land, having seen most of that country, and studied missionary operations there more fully than elsewhere.

Modern Roman Catholic missions have been in India nearly four hundred years; modern Protestant missions about two hundred years, and Christianity in an Oriental form fully seventeen hundred years. How many professing Christians are there in India to-day?

With the most liberal possible estimate, 2,500,000, or somewhat less than one per cent of the population.

The native Protestant converts constitute perhaps one-quarter of one per cent of the population.

From what class of persons do the converts to Christianity generally come? From the poorest, the most illiterate and the lowest in the social scale. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. From the Mohammedans, numbering in India 57,000,000, once the rulers of the land, it is very seldom that a convert is made. The same is true of the Parsis, an intelligent and influential people in Bombay and the West. The great body of the population—230,000,000 out of 300,000,000—are Hindus. Most of the converts to Christianity come either from the lowest Hindu castes or from the half barbarous hill tribes. Among the higher Hindu castes and the real leaders of thought and life in India it is unusual to find persons accepting Christianity.

Of course this is not encouraging. Many times while in India I asked myself the question, What is the chief obstacle to the progress of Christianity in this great land? The answer which I found myself little by little driven to accept was that the chief obstacle is the impression, which seems to be almost universal in the minds of the people, and especially of the more intelligent, that Christianity is not in India primarily from motives of love and unselfishness, but from motives of proselytism and religious conquest. The impression is widespread that the missionaries are not there to ask the people whether they want Christianity or not, but in subtle and persistent ways to force Christianity upon them.

This impression seems to be fostered by several things. One is the fact that the missionaries as a rule take so little pains to make themselves intelligent about the native religions, showing so little sympathy with what clearly is true and good in them, and condemning them so sweepingly and even contemptuously. This seems to the Indian people much more like spiritual tyranny than like the spirit of love and brotherhood.

And then the message of the missionaries, what is that? To the Indian people it seems, when summed up, to be in its essence about this: We Christians are God's favorites. We know what is truth; you do not. We know what is good for you; you do not. Your religion is false; you must give it up and accept ours; you must give up your bible and accept ours; you must give up your way of salvation and accept ours. If you do not you will be lost. God will consign you to eternal torments.

Well, it is hardly to be wondered at if a gospel of that kind does not seem very attractive to intelligent people, or very fraternal, or very loving, or conceived in the spirit of very perfect intellectual or spiritual freedom.

And now add to all this the fact that the religion of the missionaries is also the religion of the nation that has conquered India by the sword and holds her in subjection by the sword, grants to her people no voice whatever in the shaping of their political destinies, taxes her to the last extremity, forces opium and liquor upon her and sends to England every year a tribute of a hundred and fifty millions of dollars drawn from her awful poverty.

Is it to be supposed that all this makes the missionaries more popular, or their work in India easier? I have seen people foolish enough to claim that it does. Such know little about India and little about human nature. I found that the American missionaries in India had some advantages over the English. There was a little less prejudice against them among the people, and on the whole they had somewhat greater success in their work. Why was this? I found it was because they came from a nation that has in India no sword.

Said a distinguished American preacher: "If I were a native of India and knew that Christian men met in convention and condoned the sword because it opened the way for the cross, I would go down and be damned rather than listen to them." Is it strange if the people of India feel in the same way?

Is there any kind of Christianity that India will listen to with attention? Yes. Is there a kind that China will listen to with attention? Yes. What is it? It is a Christianity that makes no alliances with the sword, and that is able to convince the peoples to whom it goes that it means liberty and love.

Emerson says: "Let not him who is himself unregenerate think to regenerate others." The first and most pressing of all tasks for Christianity is to regenerate itself.

While in Jerusalem I attended a conference held there of the Protestant missionaries of Palestine and Syria. With many of them I talked personally about their work. The people among whom they were laboring and whom they were endeavoring to convert to Protestant Christianity consisted of three classes—Greek Christians, Latin Christians and Mohammedans. I said to one of the missionaries who had had long experience: "I wish you would tell me which of these three classes among whom you work you find the most honest, honorable, trustworthy and reliable." The missionary answered: "Of course, there is great difference in individuals, but I do not hesitate to say that on the whole I find the Mohammedans more honest and honorable, more trustworthy and possessed of better characters than either the Latin or the Greek Christians."

I give this testimony for what it may be worth, much or little. But that it is possible for a Protestant missionary to utter such testimony speaks volumes. It lets us see how poor a thing is much of the so-called Christianity of the world; it shows us that the world's want is not so much more Christianity as better; it teaches us that it is not necessarily a good to convert men from some other religion to Christianity; it all depends upon what kind of a Christianity they embrace, and what kind of a non-Christian faith they give up.

There is an enlightened, spiritual and noble Mohammedanism, and there is a Mohammedanism that is ignorant, material and degraded. The same is true of Hinduism, the same of Buddhism, the same of Confucianism; and alas! the same is true of Christianity! Oh, how little there is in names! And how often names blind us so that we cannot see *things!*

I trust I have now made clear why I do not believe in the new Gospel of Force which so many tongues are praising; why I do not believe in strong nations exploiting weak ones, or in Christian nations exploiting non-Christian. As I see things, there is to-day no other so serious menace to Christianity and to civilization as the doctrine that might makes right. If that doctrine were generally accepted ethics would perish; Christianity as a religion of unselfish love and duty—Christianity as taught by Christ—would pass away from the earth, and civilization would roll far back toward barbarism.

Where is the most important field for missionary work in the world? I believe at the present time it is in Christian, especially Anglo-Saxon, countries. Anglo-Saxon nations ought to be the leaders of mankind. But their leadership should be higher than one of imperialistic force and greed, of the white man's burden placed on the brown man's or the yellow man's back, of benevolent assimilation at the point of the bayonet, of forcing their governments, their commerce or their religion upon unwilling peoples. It

ought to be a leadership in liberty, justice and right. It ought to be leadership in giving to the world a civilization whose foundation is laid in the ethical, not in the material, and a Christianity whose gospel for mankind is peace, fraternity and love.

Christian missions carried on in such a spirit would succeed and would bless the world to an extent that at present we little understand.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XVIII.

The Troubles of the Children of Israel in Egypt and the Birth of Moses.

I have been telling you for a long while about those patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; how they behaved; what happened to them; and how, at last, Jacob, whom we came to call Israel, came with all his family to dwell in Egypt; how he died there and how they carried his body back to Canaan and buried it in the cave of Machpelah.

Now I shall have to tell you about this great family as it went on growing year after year, becoming greater in numbers and more and more important in Egypt. All those belonging to this great family were called "Israelites"; and so we must begin by telling you about the "Children of Israel" in Egypt.

For a time you can be sure they were happy and contented down there, even if they were far away from their former home in the land of Canaan. You see, Joseph had behaved so well and become such an important person under the King of Egypt that all the members of his family were treated very kindly. As you remember, they had taken up their home in what was called Goshen, where they had plenty of land for themselves and for their flocks and herds. At the same time you must not forget that they did not have the same religion as the people of Egypt, but went on, I am glad to say, thinking of the Lord, the Ruler of the World, who had taken care of them when they were in the land of Canaan.

For a time, as I have said, all went on very well; Just how long I do not know;—perhaps, a long while after the days of Joseph and Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, who had been so kind to Joseph, and who had invited the Israelites to come down and live in Egypt.

But by and by trouble came; and it grew worse and worse. This great family of Israelites became larger and larger, until at last it is said they numbered several hundred thousand people. Now, that is a great many persons. They had gained a good deal of wealth and were becoming more and more important in Egypt, until finally the people there who had lived in Egypt before Israel came down with his family, began to be jealous. They said to themselves: "Perhaps, by and by these Children of Israel will rise up and conquer us and take possession of our whole country and rule over us; and we ought not to let this come to pass."

At first, of course, they only said these things to themselves without doing anything. But they grew more and more uneasy, and it may be also that the Israelites became rather proud of their success and their prosperity. I suppose they had better habits and behaved themselves better than the Egyptians, and this made them more successful in a great many ways. It very often happens, however, you know, when people behave well or become successful or prosperous that they grow proud; and I am a little afraid for this reason that the Israelites began to show some pride. At any rate, at last there came a king over Egypt who had forgotten all about Joseph and what had been done by him a long while before; or if he remembered about Joseph he did not care. He made up his mind that the time had come to do something in order to to their prosperity. Kings in those days had a great deal of power, and they could do almost anything they pleased, so that it was a sorry day when this king arose, who was unfriendly to the Israelites.

This is what he said to the people of Egypt: "Behold, the people of the Children of Israel may become more and mightier than we are; come, let us deal wisely with them lest they multiply and it come to pass that when we have war they join themselves unto our enemy and fight against us and do us harm."

Just as soon as the Children of Israel heard about this they were very much troubled. There was nothing for them to do. They were in a country belonging to another people and ruled over by a king who was not of their own race. Up to this time all had gone very well with them. Now there was a change. The new king had made up his mind that he would make slaves of the Children of Israel and put heavy burdens upon them and set them to very hard and tiresome work. And so he placed taskmasters over them, who were Egyptians, to afflict these people with heavy burdens.

In those days the people of Egypt were building new cities, and the Children of Israel were made to do the hard work in building these new cities for the Egyptians. In this way the king hoped that a great many of them would die, so that they would become less in number and be, therefore, much less dangerous. But it did not have that effect. The Children of Israel went on growing more and more in numbers; and the King of Egypt grew more and more troubled as to what he should do. Then he tried to make the Israelites work harder and harder, and to make their lives bitter with hard service. In mortar and in brick and in all manner of service in the field work they were made to serve with rigor.

The Israelites had now become slaves. They were no longer their own masters, and were really owned by the King of Egypt. The happy times when they had first settled in the land were now all gone by. The little children had to work just like their fathers and mothers. They could not go out and play like the little children of Egypt. They no longer had nice homes, such as they had when Joseph was alive, and they had lived under the former King Pharaoh. Now they had hard beds, or had to sleep on the ground and live in huts or wherever they could find a place to rest. As I have said, when the little children grew older and wanted to go and play like the other children of the Egyptians about them, they had to go out and work along with their fathers and mothers. And so great trouble indeed had come upon the poor Israelites. I do not mean to say that all this was a punishment for their pride, although I feel quite sure that some of this would not have happened to them if they had always shown the right kind of spirit. But even when people behave well, sometimes troubles have to come, especially when they are dealing with other selfish people who dislike them or hate them. Up to this time the Children of Israel, however, had still continued to remember their Lord the Ruler of the World, and had not done anything really very bad, save by showing that spirit of pride which I have told you about.

And so the Great Ruler meant by and by to save them by taking them away from the Egyptians and having them go back to the land of Canaan. You remember that country had been promised to the family of Abraham, and the people felt that their Lord

always kept his promises. It may be that the Ruler of the World was disappointed because the people themselves had not long before that time gone back to the land of Canaan which had been promised them; and this may be one reason why he had allowed them to get into all this trouble. They had come down to Egypt mostly because of the famine; and perhaps they ought to have gone back to Canaan just as soon as the famine was over. But they found themselves quite happy down there in Egypt with plenty of food for themselves and all their flocks and herds, and so they staid there among strangers. You remember the Lord at that time did not want his people to stay among strangers; he wanted that they should stay among themselves and to learn to do right instead of following the bad habits of other people. And I am very much afraid that the Israelites had begun to follow some of these bad habits among the Egyptians.

But altogether the Israelites were now having a bad time of it and we cannot help feeling very sorry for them indeed. I am sure they talked a great deal about the promise that was made to Abraham about how all the earth should be blessed through their family, and about how they should inherit the land of Canaan. But you see they had done nothing themselves in order to help carry out that promise. They ought to have thought about this a long while before, when they were not slaves.

Now the worst trouble of all came to the poor Children of Israel, the Israelites down there in Egypt. The King of Egypt had made up his mind that something definite must be done in order to keep them from growing in numbers and becoming dangerous; and so he gave a terrible order to his officers. He told them that they should put to death all the little children if they were boys, as soon as they were born, but the little girls should be spared. This is what the king commanded: "Every son that is born to the Israelites ye shall cast into the river, but every daughter ye shall save alive." Then there was woe upon the children of Israel. Just think what that meant. Fathers and mothers were to lose their little ones and not to have any sons to grow up to take their places and to provide for them when they were old. Mothers were to see their little boys torn from their arms and thrown into the river. And there was weeping and wailing among all the Israelites. If you had been there at that time and gone into their homes you would have seen mothers everywhere with tears running down their faces; and fathers while they were at work, with tears in their eyes also, all of them thinking of thir little ones who were to be cast into the river, that great river which flows through the land of Egypt.

But I must tell you about what happened to one of those little boys belonging to one of the families of the Israelites. In one of these homes a little boy was born and for a few days his mother was very happy indeed. She held her child in her arms, looking at it and kissing its sweet face and thinking how dear it was to her; but every now and then the tears would come to her eyes and she would look away in fear, lest the Egyptians should see her little boy and carry him away to be thrown into the river. She made up her mind that she would try to save the little one if possible, and not let the wicked Egyptians know anything about her boy. For a time she succeeded, and the Egyptians did not find out about this little child. But as time went on, week after week and month after month, the mother grew more and more anxious. At last, when the little boy was three months old it became known to her that she could not hide him from them any longer. She was quite sure that the Egyptians would find her little boy and take him away.

Then what do you suppose this mother did? It was something very curious. We should never have thought of it! She set to work and made a little cradle which was called an ark, out of the reeds or bulrushes, as they were termed, growing by the banks of the river; and she covered it over with slime and with pitch so that it was a kind of cradle, or ark. Then she put the child in the ark and she laid it in the flags or reeds down by the brink of the great river. She had made up her mind that if she kept the child it would be taken away from her; and she thought perhaps if she put the child down by the river's brink in the ark of bulrushes, perhaps some Egyptian might find the little one, and not knowing that it was an Israelite, adopt it and bring up the little one, instead of throwing it into the river. And she stood some distance off, all by herself, watching what would happen.

And what do you suppose took place? Well, I will tell you. It seems that just about that time the daughter of the King of Egypt came down to bathe in the river and her maidens walked along by the river's side. And behold, she saw the ark among the flags and sent her hand-maiden to fetch it. The mother had covered it over very carefully, so that this princess did not know what was in the ark. She had just noticed it there and had wanted to look at it. And so she raised the cover of the tiny ark, and looked in, and there she saw the little child. And as she looked, the eyes of the child opened and the poor little one began to cry, longing for his mother. Not far away, the poor mother heard the cry and dared not go near, because she knew if she was seen and it was found out that she, as the mother of the child, was an Israelite, the little one would be put to death.

But the fair princess stood looking at the child in the ark and her heart was touched. She said to her maidens around her: "This is one of the children of the Hebrews"—meaning the Israelites. Then some one said to the princess: "Shall I go and call thee a nurse from one of the women of Israel, that she may nurse the child for thee?" And the princess said to her: "Go." And the maid went and found the child's mother. Just think how happy that mother must have been. She was to be called and asked to act as a nurse for her own child, her little boy. And he was not to be cast into the river after all. The princess did not know, of course, that this was the child's mother and the mother dared not tell her. But now the princess said to her: "Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will pay thee wages." And so the mother took the child and nursed it and the little boy went on growing and was treated as if he were the son of this beautiful princess, the daughter of the King of Egypt. And do you know what name was given to the little boy? Why, they called him Moses, because in her language it meant "Being drawn up out of the water." You may have heard already about "Moses in the bulrushes," and the beautiful princess who saved him and brought him up as her own child. I tell you about this because by and by Moses became a very important person and you will want to know all about him.

To the Teacher: The account of the sufferings of the Israelites may be expanded somewhat. But the blame must not be cast wholly on the Egyptians. Point out the dangers from prosperity in the rise of pride and arrogance. Make a good deal of the story of the birth of Moses, showing a picture, perhaps, of the "bulrushes" along the Nile, and of the women coming down to the river. Pictures of some of the monuments could also be introduced with illustrations of slaves at work on palaces and temples. The narrative must now be somewhat more continuous. Yet it would better be broken up into special topics as far as this can be done conveniently. The divisions of the subject could be altered if desired.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The quickened heart shall know God's will
And on His errands run.

MON.—Joy and pain our teachers are;
We know not which for us shall come,
But both are Heaven's high ministries.

TUES.—The work which we count so hard to do,
God can make easy, for He works too.

WED.—Let each help on the other's best,
So blessing, each, as well as blest.

THURS.—Spite of old sorrow and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

FRI.—No place so dark, no place so poor,
But out of it goes fair and broad
An unseen pathway, straight to God.

SAT.—Give wider vision of the mind,
The spirit bright with sun.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

The Snow Man.

A snow man stood in a boy's front yard,
And gazed with an icy stare;
His eyes were coals, and his nose was hard,
And the frost was on his hair!

He was so cold that he couldn't walk,
So he stood quite still all day.
As I passed, I thought I heard him talk,
And I paused to hear him say,

"Although I'm cold to my marrow bone,
I feel, around my belt,
Where the sun upon my waist has shone,
As if I should surely melt!

"I'm losing weight 'most every hour;
And now I stand in dread,
That, if the sun shines with such power,
I soon shall lose my head.

"Ah me!" he sighed; "I felt it then,
That most alarming pain.
'Tis prevalent 'mong snow-made men,
This water on the brain!

"Alas, alack!" and a coal-black tear
Ran down his pallid cheek:
"I fear that a sunstroke now is near,
My knees are very weak!"

Just then the boys came with a shout,
And made the snow man smile,
By patching him to make him stout,
And dressing him in style!

—*Exchange.*

A Little Fellow and a Big Fellow.

There were thirty-six plump muskmelon seeds and Bobbie planted them very carefully, tucking nine in each one of the four mounds of earth his fat hands had heaped, smoothed and patted down.

"My garden's to be all melons this year. I'll have enough to eat and lot's to sell," he called out proudly to Harry Wood.

Now, Bobbie and Harry were great friends, though the former was only five years old and recently out of kilts, while the latter wore a stand-up collar, a butterfly necktie, and was even thinking about "putting on long trousers."

Harry's tone, though patronizing, was kind, as he inquired: "So you really think, sonny, that you'll have a big crop of melons?"

"Of course," and Bobby's voice was full of pride. "I mean to take awfully good care of the plants."

And, indeed, as the weeks went by, Bobbie did tend his melons most faithfully, and in spite of many discouragements. For in two of the brown mounds the seeds failed to appear; whether they had been planted too deep, or whether they had been nibbled by some wandering worm, nobody could tell.

However, the other two mounds soon bristled with luxuriant green plants. These, under Uncle Jed's advice, Bobbie thinned out carefully, weeded and watered. Then, alas! one night when the little boy was sound asleep, dreaming of luscious melons, an evil-minded cutworm sawed away in the moonlight, and when morning came half the plants lay wilting and dying.

Bobbie would have cried over them, but then salt water wasn't good for plants (only asparagus, Uncle Jed said), and so instead he did his best to save the rest of his plants. Soot from the kitchen stovepipe, tobacco from another pipe (the hired man's) routed the wicked cutworms. Then a warm rain, followed by sunshiny days, made the melons grow as fast as "Mr. Finney's turnip behind the barn." They got ahead of weeds, bugs and worms, and began to put forth pert little runners, dotted with yellow blossoms.

Then, one woful day, Mrs. O'Brien's cow got out of the pasture and wandered about until she reached the Barker garden, and on her way to reach the dozen rows of young corn, what must she do but place her feet right on his last hill of melons, smashing every trailing vine but one!

And this time Bobbie cried. And Harry Wood, who came over to see the extent of the damage, tried to whistle cheerily, as he said: "Well, the old bossie didn't tread on your very best vine. See, you have one left, and—my stars, if there isn't a melon on it as large as my biggest agate marble!"

Now, Bobbie hadn't noticed this, and he was so delighted that he quite forgot his tears.

The one lonely melon grew rapidly until it began to look very well. Then one day—it was when Bobbie and the rest of the Barkers went to the county fair—the young Plymouth Rock rooster squeezed himself through the chicken yard palings, and what else must he do but stalk boldly up to that melon and begin to peck at it! Tap, tap, tap! went his yellow beak, until he broke right into the juicy, salmon-pink heart!

It was Harry Wood who saw him and drove him back into the hen-yard. But most of the melon rode away in the stomach of the Plymouth Rock.

Harry looked down mournfully at the bits of rind, scattered seeds and pulp remaining on the melon-hill, then he gathered up the mess and threw it among the burdocks on the other side of the garden fence; after which his long legs carried him down to the Italian's fruit store, and when he came out again he bore a bulging paper bag. Hurrying up street, he reached the Barker yard, reached Bobbie's ill-fated melon patch, and then—and then!

The Barkers came home from the county fair, and Bobbie went out to his "garden." There had been melons at the fair, and the sight of them had filled him with fresh affection for his own solitary treasure. He bent over the brown mound, parted the green leaves, and—oh, wonder of wonders!

"Ma! ma!" Bobbie shouted. "Do come here! Why, my melon has grown lots just while I've been gone! And it's so ripe that it's loosened itself from the stem. Oh-ee! it's perfectly lovely!"

The Plymouth Rock stuck his red comb through the chicken yard fence and crowed derisively, but Bobbie didn't notice him.

And Harry Wood was chuckling to himself across the street as he said: "That quarter I was saving towards my new air gun is gone, but I don't care. The joke was worth twenty-five cents. And, anyhow, a big fellow kind of ought to look out for a little fellow."

—*Sunday School Times.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

We Two.

We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or, if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite or bleak winds blow,
What matters it if we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare;
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.
For us life always moves with lilting measure;
We two, we two, we make our world, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory,
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

University Lectures.

The third course announced under the auspices of the University Lecture Association of the University of Chicago will be given in South Congregational Church, Fortieth street and Drexel boulevard, Chicago, on consecutive Monday evenings beginning February 17, by Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, on the "Music Dramas of Richard Wagner." Each lecture of the course will be illustrated with vocal and instrumental selections by Mr. Vernon d'Arnalle, of the Chicago Musical College. The lecturer will interpret the dramas with special reference to Wagner's intellectual development, to the psychological background and world-wide view on which his art rests, and the thought-movement of the age in which his creations were produced. Dr. Rubinkam has spent many years in making a comparative study of the great literatures of the world. He has recently returned from two years spent in Germany, much of which time was devoted to Wagner.

Mr. d'Arnalle, who will provide the musical illustrations for the course, is an enthusiastic Wagnerian, having received a portion of his training from DeMuth, the baritone of the Royal Opera in Vienna. His study of Wagnerian literature together with his exceptional musical abilities enables him to render with thorough appreciation the works of the great master.

Coming as it does just before the season of grand opera, this course of lectures should be patronized by Chicago lovers of music.

Foreign Notes.

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.—Under this caption Mme. Gevin-Cassal treats at length, in a recent issue of *Le Signal de Genève*, the topic touched upon so caustically by UNITY in its editorial notes of January 30, namely, the forcible separation of aged couples when they become impoverished, infirm and helpless. The French writer takes as her text the case of a worthy old couple aged respectively seventy-four and seventy-one, who had invested the savings of a laborious lifetime in Panama stock, with the result that we all know too well. Of the five children raised by them, three had died, the fourth, a daughter, found herself married to a drunkard and left with the care of five sickly children, while the fifth, a son, had gone out into the wide world and sent no tidings of his whereabouts. The husband lost his memory, the wife became crippled with rheumatism, and so at last the same fate overtook this old couple that befel the Chicago one so recently.

Mme. Gevin-Cassal witnessed the agonizing parting. It made of her an ardent advocate of the placing of families and of home relief, and the remainder of her article is devoted to a description of a refuge for old people established at Issy, near Paris, and known as the *Petits Menages*, or little households. The buildings here form quite a little village, inclosing gardens, courts with shrubbery and flower beds, fine old trees, and shaded gravel walks leading from the various lodgings to a tasteful little chapel. This is not a place to which one is sent by force and as a matter of charity, but is a refuge for those who, as the regulations say, without being absolutely indigent, yet have no adequate means of support either through their own efforts or from those who by the terms of the law might be expected to maintain them. The expenses are partly paid by the state, while friends or patrons often pay the sum necessary to scure the admission of their proteges. There are little suites of rooms where the old couples can continue to do their own modest housekeeping, and smaller ones for the single, widow or widower, beside regular dormitories, a room for games, or amusements, not much frequented because playing for stakes is forbidden, and a library, which, on the other hand, is very popular. Paul de Roch is the favorite author and one must often register weeks in advance to secure a desired volume.

With plenty of fresh air and sunshine these old people prolong their peaceful days and are able to carry on various occupations. Many of the women do mending in the town or sewing or knitting at home. Among the men there are tailors and gardeners, several of the latter being employed by the institution itself. A woodcarver makes picture-frames and another inmate manufactures paper boxes for a wholesale house. Octogenarians are numerous and there are several nonogenarians and one centenarian among the dwellers there. If love is a great beautifier, certainly happiness is a great life preserver.

Who in America will follow this example? Which of our multi-millionaires remembering that touching prayer of Tobias, "Mercifully grant that we may grow aged together," will found a refuge where Baucis and Philemon may end their days with self-respect and unshaken faith in the innate tenderness and sense of justice that really exist in human nature?

A GREEK TRIBUTE TO JEAN GABRIEL EYNARD.—The Swiss people have always had a passion for liberty not only for themselves but for others, an enthusiasm and a sympathy which have not confined themselves to empty words but again and again have found expression in substantial aid and encouragement to other "little peoples" struggling to be free. Particularly was this true in Geneva at the time of the Greek struggle for independence, and the man who was par excellence the head and front of the philhellenic movement was Jean Gabriel Eynard. M. Eynard himself was not born in Geneva, though descended from a French family which took refuge there at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His father had established himself at Lyons and it was there that Gabriel was born in 1775. He was there during the famous siege of that city by the forces of the Convention. He escaped to Switzerland and thence to Genoa, where he became a banker and passed through a second more terrible siege, that of 1800. From 1803 to 1816 he was active financially in Tuscany. He

enjoyed the confidence of the sovereigns of the Bonapartist, Bourbon and Austrian houses, who succeeded one another on the throne, negotiated successful loans for them and re-established their finances. In 1814, the year that Geneva regained its independence, he accompanied his uncle by marriage, Pictet de Rochemont, to Paris, and later as secretary of legation to the Congress of Vienna, Pictet de Rochemont being envoy extraordinary from the republic of Geneva. In 1817 he took up his final residence in Geneva.

A people which had but so recently recovered and assured its own independence could not fail to take the deepest interest in the struggles of Greece. Greek exiles were received with open arms in the now Swiss city. When Capodistria, formerly the Russian minister who had lent his influence to the Swiss cause, now asked in turn Swiss sympathy for Greece, the answer was not doubtful. From 1824 Geneva was the center of the philhellenic movement in Europe. While many others there encouraged the great statesman, it was Eynard who in zeal surpassed them all, putting his financial abilities and resources to the service of the cause in many ways. It was he who prepared the triple alliance of that day at London in 1827, and it was said of him that he had "called all Europe to the aid of Greece." He was the plenipotentiary of that country in Europe and it was he who accredited the hospodar Soutzo as minister to France. Nor did his activity cease with the gaining of Greek independence. In 1841 he interposed again in favor of the revolted Cretans. He became a sort of counsellor to King Otto, as he had been the intimate correspondent of Capodistria, president of Greece. The sums which he gave to the cause he had espoused were also considerable. In 1829 he sent the Greeks a million and a half francs, which France and Russia had hesitated to advance, and in 1847 he paid the half million francs which Lord Palmerston demanded of Greece. His charity was universal. He died in 1863, justly mourned by the whole Greek nation.

It is to this man that the Greek students in Switzerland now propose to erect a memorial. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Hellenic Society of Zurich, Mr. Jennaropoulos announced to the Greek students of all Switzerland the decision of their comrades in Geneva to erect by national subscription a bust of the great philhellene, Jean Gabriel Eynard, and the appointment of a committee to carry out the project. The chairman of this committee is M. Achille Calevra, a law student at Geneva. Just where the bust is to be placed is not yet announced, but one is glad to know that the Greek students have taken hold of such a project. M. E. H.

Scoti.

A London gentleman, who had a beautiful collie, provided him with a collar on which the owner's name and address were engraved. On being asked whether this had ever served to bring the dog back to him, he told the following interesting incident:

"On one occasion I lost Scoti in Picadilly. You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs, and Scoti always goes with me—we travel many miles in a week together in this way; but on this occasion I was walking and missed him. Search was in vain. The crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle; and, after waiting awhile and looking elsewhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, and sorrowful, yet hoping that he might find his way back.

"In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scoti. The cabman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him. 'Oh, sir,' said cabby, 'I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was a-standing close by St. James' Church, a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. "Like his impudence," says I. So I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. So I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, "Go on, old man." As I seizes him by the collar I reads the name and address. "All right, my fine gentleman," says I. "I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I dare say." So I shuts to the door, and my gentleman settles himself with his head just looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calmly as though he'd been a reg'lar fare.' I gave my friend the cabman a liberal fare, and congratulated Scoti on his intelligence—be it instinct, or reason, or whatever it may be—that told him that hansom cabs had often taken him safely home, and therefore a hansom cab would probably do so again, now that he could not find his way and had lost his master."—*Boston Herald.*

Books Received.

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